

mother as she came up the steps, her lips quivered.

"John, I'm—I'm going to behave myself!" she whispered meekly.

And the corners of her lips were no longer drawn down, but parted in a way that uplifted all the hearts that were there.

And then a new woman became the queen of the new home, that henceforth was indeed a veritable "house of smiles!"

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### THE HIGH TRAIL

By Berton Braley.

I'm sick of your mobs and machinery,

I'm weary of second-hand thrills,

I'm tired of your two-by-four scenery,

Your nice little valleys and hills;

I want to see peaks that are bare again

And ragged and rugged and high,

To know the old tang in the air again

And the blue of the clear western sky!

Once more in each fiber and fold of me

I feel the old wonderment brew,

And again has the spell taken hold of me,

The spell of the mountains I knew;  
So the city means nothing but slavery,

And my heart is a load in my breast,

And life will be stale and unsavory

Till I stand on the hills of the west.

Let the homebodies "hoboo" and "rover" me;

Poor plodders, they never can know

How the fret for the hills has come over me

And the fever that bids me to go

Away from traditions gone mouldering,

Away from the paths overtrod,

To the place where the mountains are shouldering

Right up to the Archways of God!

## Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



Whilst strolling along the Rialto with a friend, old chap, I was introduced to a celebrated ventriloquist. On assuring him that I was charmed to meet such a famous artist, the fellow vainly replied:

"Yep, I can toss my voice around like a rag doll. I can let loose a war whoop down in my gargling works and you'll swear it was done by the Injun on a copper cent in your vest pocket. Most ginks can talk through their bonnets, but I can plunge my sweet tenor through an iron door. Come around to the two-bit opera this evening and watch my crew of talking dummies do their spiel while I squat up-stage and never loosen my trap. Here's two ducats for yourself and the squaw."

My word!

"Dad, are second thoughts best?"  
"So we are told, my dear." "Then why don't people have them first?"